

The Tragedie of Hamlet

My Liege and Madam, to expostulate
What maiestie should be, what dutie is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time,
Therefore breuitie is the soule of wit,
And tediousnesse the limmes and outward florishes:
I will be brieft your noble sonne is mad:
Mad call I it, for to define true madnesse,
What ist but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that goe.

Quee. More matter with lesse art.

Pol. Madam, I sweare I vse no art at all,
That he's mad tis true, tis true, tis pittie,
And pittie tis, tis true, a foolish figure,
But farewell it, for I will vse no art,
Mad let vs grant him then, and now remaimes
That we find out the cause of this defect,
Or rather say the cause of this defect
For this effect defectiue comes by cause:
Thus it remaimes and the remainder thus
Perpend,

I haue a daughter, haue while she is mine,
Who in her dutie and obedience, marke,
Hath giuen me this, now gather and surmise,
*To the Celestiall and my soules Idoll the most beautified
Ophelia, that's an ill phrase, a vile phrase, beauti-
fied is a vile phrase, but you shall heare: thus in her
excellent white bosome, these &c.*

Quee. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good Madam stay awhile, I will be faithfull,
*Doubt thou the Stars are free, Letter.
Doubt that the Sunne doth moue,
Doubt truth to be a lyer,
But neuer doubt I loue.*

O deere Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers, I haue not art to
reckon my groanes, but that I loue thee best, oh most best be-
leeue it! adiew. Thine euermore most deare Ladie, whilest this
machine is to him.

Pol. This in obedience hath my daughter shewne me (*Hamlet.*
And more about hath his sollicitings

Prince of Denmark

As they fell out by time, by
All giuen to mine eare.

King. But how hath she

Pol. What doe you thinke

King. As of a man faithfull

Pol. I would faine proue

When I had seene this hot le

As I perceiu'd it (I must tell

Before my daughter told me

Or my deare Maiestie your

If I had plaid the Deske, or

Or giuen my heart a working

Or lookt vpon this loue with

What might you thinke? no,

And my yeung Mistresse thi

Lord Hamlet is a Prince ou

This must not be: and then

That she should locke her se

Admit no messengers, recei

Which done she tooke the f

And he repel'd, a short tale

Fell into a sadnesse, then in

Thence to a watch, thence

Thence to lightnesse, and b

Into the madnesse wherein

And all we mourne for.

King. Doe you thinke t

Quee. It may be very li

Pol. Hath there beene s

That I haue positiuely said

When it prou'd otherwise

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this, from thi

If circumstances leade me,

Where truth is hid, though

Within the Centre.

King. How may we tri

Pol. You know someti

Heere in the Lobbie.